

Wichita Daily Eagle

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THE RAILWAYS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 15.—A number of decisions were handed down today by Chairman Finley of the Western Passenger Association. In one of them he imposed two fines, aggregating \$250, on the Rock Island road for doing a brokerage business and for putting an agreed rate, and at the same time dismissed a charge of failure to require the signatures of passengers. The two cases in which the Western was accused of violating the agreement were both decided in favor of the road. One charge was that the Western, in last July, gave an unauthorized rate to members of the society of Christian Endeavor from Kansas City to Minneapolis and return. The other was that an unauthorized rate was made in connection with the Kansas meeting in Kansas City in October. Chairman Finley concluded that the weight of evidence was in favor of the defendants and dismissed the charges.

The fight that is being made on the Monon to force it to discontinue quoting short line rates between Kansas City and Cincinnati via Chicago as proving to be a bonanza for the ticket brokers. In order to get a share of this business, the Monon agreed to redress at full tariff rates any of the roundabout tickets found in the hands of Chicago brokers. Large numbers of these tickets have been secured by the scalpers (probably through the aid of the lines that are fighting the Monon) and a handsome profit is realized on every one redeemed. General Passenger Agent Parker says that his enemies are trying hard to drive him out of business, and Missouri river business, but that they will not succeed.

The commissioners of the Western Traffic Association convened today and probably will be in session the rest of the week. One of the subjects under consideration is the organization of a tonnage pool on salt from Hutchinson, Kan., by which it is hoped to put an end to the trouble in connection with rates on that commodity. The Burlington, the Rock Island, the Atchafalpa, the Missouri Pacific and the lines are interested in the subject and their representatives will be heard by the commissioners.

New York, Dec. 15.—The program of the Thomas party was clearly outlined after the meeting of the directors of Richmond Terminal today, and it is now expected that the Inman party will be forced to retire from the management of the Richmond Terminal company. The first intimation of the change at hand was the announcement that Fred P. Olcott, president of the Central Trust company, who was one of the bankers' committee appointed at the annual meeting of the stockholders last week, declined to act any longer with that committee, on the ground that it was not necessary to take such stringent steps as they proposed. Following this announcement, a meeting of the Richmond Terminal stockholders was held, and a committee was appointed, with Olcott as chairman.

This committee and the stockholders present at the meeting are opposed to the Schiff-Morton (or bankers') committee, and as the opposition now include a majority of the board of directors, the Schiff-Morton committee is practically without power. It requested the directors to postpone the election of directors of the subordinate companies. This request was refused. Then the committee requested the Terminal company to advance the funds to pay the expenses of an expert examination of the bonds. This request was refused. The opposition directors say that this indicates clearly that the bankers' committee is practically discharged, and will not be re-elected by the board. President Inman, it is said, is willing to step down from office, and will not make any effort to retain control.

MINING EXPERTS.
SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Dec. 15.—The delegates to the interstate mining convention met here this morning. After President Campbell had been made temporary secretary, Mayor Foster welcomed the delegates to Springfield. The convention then adjourned until the afternoon.

At the afternoon session, Assistant State geologist Mason delivered an address on iron deposits. I. R. Hillsborough of Joliet, Frank Trippett and Professor Patton of St. Louis, and James H. Ross of Mansfield also delivered addresses. A fine display of zinc and iron ore from Black Rock, Ark., attracted much attention. Governor Eagle and Governor Francis will be here tomorrow.

Upon resuming the committee reported the following permanent officers: President, Hon. William Fishback of Arkansas; vice president, Lieutenant Governor Claycomb of Missouri.

Among other vice presidents are J. W. Hammond of Warrenton, Kan., and a large number of Missourians.

RECEIVER WANTED.
TREMONT, Neb., Dec. 15.—The directors of the Nebraska Mortgage and Investment company made application to the United States district court for the appointment of a receiver. The alleged company was wrecked by its manager, C. H. Tomeray, who snuck large sums in speculations at Chicago. An officer of the court stated that the company owns sufficient real estate which will pay the indebtedness and fifty cents on the dollar besides.

SENATOR DANIELS.
RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 15.—The legislature today rejected John W. Daniels United States senator.

Gender of the Sword.
Among the numerous notions obtaining among the different races as to the sword may be noted the gender of the weapon. In the north of Europe it was either masculine or feminine, and in Germany, while in the south it was uniformly feminine. Its force and energy appealed to the man for the appointment of a sword. It typified to the one strength, to the other dignity.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Neglect of the Feet.
Far too little has ever been said or written regarding the proper treatment of the feet, when we consider the amount of suffering that may be occasioned by their abuse. As the health of any and all parts of the body depends upon the care taken of the feet, either voluntarily or unconsciously, it is a marvel that the feet are not even more frequently diseased by growths that injure the entire system and, perhaps, permanently cripple the limbs. Races that live in a state of nature have almost invariably (except in case of accident or natural deformity) shapely and serviceable feet in proportion to their general comeliness and physical perfection; therefore, it must be the coverings placed by civilized man upon his pedal extremities which cause all his defects in this direction.

It is our hands were thickly clad in furs, tight fitting skins and fables for eight or ten hours in every twenty-four they would soon become, to quote Ruskin, as ugly as the naked feet of prosperity. When thus surrounded by coverings that are well nigh impervious to the air, the pores of the feet do not get properly and become moist, while the feet themselves grow callous and develop those ill-natured and wondrous painful excrescences known as bunions and corns.—Delineator.

ROMANCE OF TWO WARS.

STORY OF TWO REJECTED MARYLAND LOVERS WHO FOUGHT.

One of Them Served with Credit in the Mexican and Civil Struggles and Is Still Single—The Other Lies Buried Near Where He Fell in Battle.

When the war with Mexico was declared, Samuel McCurdy was a merchant in Graniteville, a beautiful mountain village in western Maryland, with a declining business and without the perseverance to restore it to its former condition of prosperity. He was fond of the gay life of the town and had contracted debts, and had, moreover, fallen in love without any apparent chance of his affections being reciprocated. He was bright, intelligent, gallant, with a fine presence, yet his charmer held him aloof. She respected him, did not disdain him, yet she had fears for the future and rejected his suit.

Then came a chance for the disappointed lover to enlist, win glory on a foreign field and return to claim attention with the halo of a warrior's deeds about him.

Oddly enough, there was another case like this in the neighborhood. Samuel McCurdy, a sturdy, handsome young stagecoach driver, had likewise found an unsympathetic object of love. He drove on the old National road, which was then the thoroughfare over the mountains, and his was a familiar figure in the country round about. His aspirations ran in the direction of the fair daughter of a wealthy hotel keeper, well educated and cultivated. She was the acknowledged belle of the neighborhood. McCurdy, of course, was of a humbler station in life, but true to the adage that love knows no bounds, he did not despair, but made his advances, which were not met with any degree of response. There was no repulse, but the siege was raised, to be renewed under other circumstances.

GOING TO WAR.
It was in the middle of March, 1847, that the gallant Captain Walker came riding through the Cumberland region in search of recruits for the Mexican campaign. McCurdy was ripe for adventure and he joined. It had been agreed between him and McCurdy, they being fast friends, that they should enlist together, but McCurdy was away from home at the time, and on his return, hearing of the enlistment of his friend, he followed the company across the country to Newport, Ky., where he, too, joined the company.

McCurdy was a great favorite with the company, a good fellow in every way, the soul of honor, and one of the bravest soldiers ever under fire. He was always at the front with Walker, and when they fell they were together in the van.

The two Marylanders did not seek sheltered places in the campaign. They were there for fighting and for glory, and they knew that it must be sought in the front. Walker's rangers gave them ample opportunity for active work, for this gallant band was the first to dash forward into dangerous places and do desperate deeds.

They went into the battle of Humantla together, and but one of them came out. McCurdy. It was a fierce fight, though the numbers were small on each side. McCurdy fell with his captain, pierced by many Mexican lances, and was buried on the field.

McCurdy went on and passed through all of the battles of the valley of Mexico, without a wound, beyond a scratch from one of the peculiar copper covered balls used by the Mexican forces.

MCCURDY'S PROPOSAL.
He was present at the final capture of the capital, and the company of 300, he volunteered to go down to Vera Cruz with the first train of sick and wounded. On his return to the city he was selected by the commandant of the City Guard as his clerk, being an excellent penman. The capture of the city was made the headquarters of the invaders, and from there McCurdy wrote at times to his old friends in Maryland on the magnificent letter paper of the fallen government, with its great coat of arms emblazoned at its head. One of these letters was important. Accompanying the letter was a beautiful diamond ring, sparkling with diamonds, and the directions were that B—, to whom it was sent, should place it upon the appropriate finger of Miss "Chet," as McCurdy's distant sweetheart was called among her friends. This was to be the understanding that the soldier returned from the war was to become his wife.

Unfortunately the lady objected. Though the proxy was well sustained and the mission was attempted with skill and tact, she refused to accept the ring and with it the understanding that the soldier returned from the war was to become his wife. She took the token, and she replied, "I think you know the reasons." Unhappily, he did not, and never did know why it was that McCurdy was not a favorite with her. The ring, however, was not returned to him, and he was left with the feeling that his sweetheart had given it with its meaning to a native beauty.

THE VETERAN TODAY.
The war over, McCurdy came home, expecting to be greeted by his promised bride, but though she joined in the demonstration of welcome at the town made, she remained as distant as ever. For several years he remained in old Alleghany county. He tried politics, but though he had hosts of friends, he was too ardent a Whig to be successful, and he went out to California, where he was more successful in an political aspirations. He was finally elected to the legislature. At last he returned to the "states," but for some years his whereabouts were quite unknown to his old friends in the Cumberland region.

When the war of the rebellion broke out, he was awakened into a new life, and he enlisted and served throughout the contest as a private soldier from Pennsylvania, from the first gun to the final surrender. He kept his shoulder for the musket and not for the strap, and he was mastered out with the same rank that he had at first.

McCurdy is still living, nearly seventy-three years of age, at the home for disabled volunteers at Hampton, Va., drawing a pension of eight dollars a month for his services in the Mexican war. He never married, and his sweetheart, "Chet," might change her mind, which she did not do. She is now living, sixty-five years of age, near New York, unmarried.

The girl whom McCurdy left behind him in time married a clergyman from Alabama, where she went to live, but in a few years she returned to her home a widow, with a daughter, who has since grown up to beautiful womanhood, and is now the wife of a successful merchant in one of the prosperous new cities of the northwest.

McCurdy is cheerful and resigned to the lot that has befallen him. He is well, beyond an occasional twinge of rheumatism.—Washington Star.

Her Brother Entertained Him.
She was not quite ready to receive him, so she sent her little brother to entertain him while she put the finishing touches to her toilet.

The entertainment was lively if not satisfactory.

"You are Ethel's beau, ain't you?" the youthful prospective brother-in-law began.

"Yes," said the youth pleasantly.

"You have money in the bank, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And it's in your own name, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"I do."

"And you expect to keep it in your own name after you're married to Ethel?"

"Well—ar—yes."

"Well, Ethel will have something to say about that."

Ethel's beau began to feel uncomfortable.

"You smoke, don't you?" continued the inquisitor.

"Yes, a little."

"And you expect to smoke after you are married to Ethel?"

"Yes."

"And you expect to belong to it after you are married to Ethel?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, Ethel will have something to say about that."

Ethel's beau was growing red in the face.

"You play billiards, don't you?" continued the boy.

"Yes, sometimes."

"And you expect to play sometimes after you are married to Ethel?"

"I do."

"Well, Ethel will have something to say about that."

"Look here, my young friend," said the exasperated lover, "I've got an important engagement which I forgot. I'm going to attend to it. You tell Ethel the name and see what she has to say about that."

And he went.—New York Press.

The Cat's Whiskers.
The long hairs on the side of the cat's face are organs of touch. They are attached to a set of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion as well as on the common cat. From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body.

If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an perfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him through the most feeling any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves, which give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close to a bush, and thus in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads—the claws never coming in contact with the ground—they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, which creeps along the grass and is not perceived until it is coiled around its prey. Is this evolution or design?—National Barber.

The Englishman in China.
The Englishman, the Gringo par excellence, plays an important part in Chinese society. He is a man of the future, the most modern of men, the most progressive of nations, though here the German is hard on his heels. At Valparaiso the most important man is controlled by him, and throughout the country he is to be found at the head of trading enterprises, mining, and manufacturing industries, smelting and reducing works, mills and foundries. He avails himself, of course, to the utmost of such sport as is afforded by a land singularly destitute of fur and feather. He shoots partridges on the hillsides about Valparaiso, and snipe and wild fowl in the marshy regions of the south. He plays lawn tennis at Vina del Mar on beaten earth, and cricket at Iquique on a cancha of nitrate refuse rammed to the solidity of concrete.

He enjoys every fancy breakneck country after the vintage that he has made in the charming suburb of Las Zorras. Racing remains, however, his leading pastime. The upper class Chileans have taken to this with an enthusiasm that is backed up by a proportionate expenditure. They are established as a rule in the hands of the Englishman, and the meetings at Santiago and Valparaiso count among the events of the year.—London Saturday Review.

Oil Baths for Lead Pencils.
A discovery has been made by railroad clerks in Pittsburg regarding the saving of lead pencils. This will be a great boon to those who are continually using expensives and borrowing pocketknives on account of the frailty of good, soft lead in a pencil.

Every one who has much rapid writing to perform prefers a soft pencil, but nothing has come to public light so far by which the lead can be so well preserved. The P. C. C. and S. L. clerks have brought about a new era in the pencil business.

The idea to preserve a soft pencil is to take a jar of the useful article and place them in a jar of lard. Allow them to remain in lard until the oil thoroughly permeates every particle of the wood and lead. It has the effect of softening the mineral, and at the same time making it tough and durable. It has been found very useful and saving, an ordinary pencil being used twice as long under the new treatment.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Eagle in His Native Land.
In the rain, without an umbrella, but with a stick the silver handle of which is Gallo-Roman, the professor's pale face was radiant as the face of a god, and in whose eyes the constellations are captive. He had written to David M. Stone about his discovery of a new motor for balloons and had not dared to hope for the courteous reply, advising him to take a career, which he had just received. He has spent so much of his life in translating Plunder and Zephyrus that he is a stranger everywhere.

But he had risen to his feet, and in his arms he held a live eagle, the only one of his kind and lives in exile in his native land.—New York Times.

The Proper Material.
The Hostess (to visitor)—I was pricing a lovely pair of slippers at Horne's today. But I couldn't find any to my taste.

Small Son—Please don't get them like your old ones.

The Hostess—Why not, dear?

S. S. (moving uneasily)—There was too much about them.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Life Settled.
A colored philosopher is reported to have said, "Life, my brethren, ain't mo'ly made up of prayin for rain and then wishin it would clear off"—Presbyterian.

A Brave Child.
"Come, darling, you have eaten enough of that cake."

"Oh, mamma, I haven't dot the tummkick ache yet!"—Revue Roussin.

Every Man Will Say So.
Mrs. S.—They say a man never marries his first love.

Her Hubby—He can't. It would be polygamy.—Funny Folks.

A Pretty Decoration.
The long handled beater, made of rattan, which nearly every housewife uses to beat her furs and rugs, has not escaped the decorative mania. It is now being painted with enamel paints, and across the wide end is strung a good sized pocket of silk. A ribbon bow of the color of the silk pocket is drawn through the end of the handle. The result is one of the prettiest pockets for the wall of sitting room or chamber that has been thought of for some time.

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

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TEARS WON THE CASE.

They Were Women's Tears, and the Loving Lawyer Won a Wife.
It is a strange story to come from the courtroom. One of the ex-judges in Atlanta tells the story. The real names of the parties are not given, for the hero and the heroine are living in Atlanta today, surrounded by many interesting and bright children.

Some years ago a very important case was being tried in the superior court. The title to some valuable property was being involved. One of the lawyers engaged in the case was a middle aged man—a bachelor—who was regarded as one of the best attorneys at the bar. The case had progressed up to a certain point where the bachelor lawyer, we will call him Mr. Jones, felt certain that he had the case won. Even his opponents showed that their case was weakening. But there was one more witness to be examined. Upon this witness' testimony it was expected to turn the tide and change the complexion of the case. After a few moments of conference the opponents of Mr. Jones called to the witness.

"Let Miss—come in."
A little later there was the rustling of a woman's skirts, and the witness took the stand. Mr. Jones leaned forward when the first question was asked, and he looked at the woman in the chair. He leaned farther forward and opened his eyes a little wider. There sat the loveliest vision of sweet, pure womanhood he eyes had ever beheld. Even the judge, he says to himself, had to forget the case for a few moments as he gazed at the beautiful woman. The jury and everybody else in the courtroom kept their eyes on the exquisite picture. But the bachelor lawyer did more—he feasted his eyes upon the loveliest before him.

The examination went on. In a low voice, as sweet as enchanting music to Mr. Jones, the lady witness gave her testimony. What she said helped Mr. Jones' opponent wonderfully, but a little shrewd cross questioning would have upset it. Mr. Jones, as a force of habit, thought of this as he sat there half dazed.

"The witness is with you."
Mr. Jones heard the words. As he listened to the direct examination he had been angry because this beautiful witness was not his instead of belonging to the opposite side. But he must do his duty to his client. Besides, so much devolved on the case. He would turn his eyes away and ask the necessary questions. He would—He had risen to his feet, and in spite of himself his eyes met the beautiful blue eyes for the first time, and there were tears in them. She was frightened.

"You may come down."
Mr. Jones spoke the words. He made a fine speech when it came time to make his argument. And he lost the case.

"If it hadn't been for that lady witness," said the judge, "or if Mr. Jones had not failed to cross question her, he would have won the case. That was my opinion at the time."

"And the sequel?" he was asked.

"Oh, it was a case of love at first sight on the part of Mr. Jones. He lost no time in making the lady's acquaintance, and she married him. He is told that there never was a couple married in Atlanta that loved each other more devotedly."—Atlanta Journal.

How a Pope Is Elected.
Some of the most curiously elaborate ballot systems known were developed in the small governing bodies of the Middle Ages.

One of these is the form for electing a pope, which has continued to our own time. All the cardinals are locked up together in a suite of rooms at the Vatican, and forbidden to have any communication with the outside world till they have made a choice. Food is passed in to them, but if the pope is not elected within a few days they are put on prison rations by way of quickening their work.

A ballot is taken every morning. For

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PENNIES USED FOR REVENGE.
How a Conductor Evens Matters with People Who Give Him Large Bills.
There is a particularly bright young conductor on a Broadway car who has a scheme for revenge upon persons who give him large bills to change that never fails to give him ample satisfaction for the trouble they cause. While riding upon his car the other evening he described his scheme and then gratified my curiosity by an example of practical application.

When I first boarded the car near Fourteenth street I handed him a ten cent piece, which he required with a polite request for pennies. I had nearly a quarter's worth, which he took, giving me silver in exchange. He thanked me and I asked him why he wanted such small coin.

"Oh," said he, "I collect them for fellows who give me large bills to change. See here," he continued, displaying a pocket half full of the copper coins. "Some fellow will give me a five dollar bill before I reach Forty-second street, I'll bet. Then I will get square by giving him at least fifty pennies."

The young conductor was not amiable in his calculation, for when the car arrived opposite an up town theater a well dressed young man, accompanied by a woman, boarded the car.

The passenger fumbled in his pockets half a minute and then drew out a two dollar bill. "Sorry, but that's the smallest I have," he told the conductor. "All right," replied the latter, "I can change it," and returning to the rear platform he counted out twenty five pennies, four quarters, one five cent piece and a dime. These he handed to the passenger. The latter said nothing but gave the conductor an awful look and placed the money in his pocket.

Hardly two blocks farther on an old lady boarded the car and tendered a five dollar bill for a five cent fare. The conductor went through the performance a second time, but with different results. The old lady raged and threatened to report him to the superintendent. The conductor replied politely that he had no other change. "Well, then," said the old lady, "give me the bill back and take your pennies." The conductor did so, and then the lady produced a nickel.

"There are fifty 300 people who board my car every day," said the conductor, "who give me two, five and even ten dollar bills. I do not object to the first, but I draw the line at the second and refuse to change the third. The only way I have to get square is by giving pennies, and you may rest assured that I am never without them."

"I remember not long ago another woman gave me a twenty dollar bill. It happened to be pay day, and my salary, together with about a quart of small change, just made that amount. Well, I gave her the change, which, by the way, filled her hand satchel, and small bills. She said she would tell the superintendent, but she didn't, and I have never seen her since."—New York Herald.

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